Something for Every Body:

OR,

The Laſt Will and Teſtament

OF A

WELCH MAN,

Lately Deceaſed.

LONDON

Printed for *W. Rayner*, and Sold
and *Weſtminſter*. 1729.

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45
1. 16.

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Something for Every Body:

OR, THE

WELCH MAN's

LAST

WILL and TESTAMENT.

I.

Welch Man that long, with a Scythe and a Prong,
Had trudg'd from *Caermarthen* to *Kent*;
On the Road falling ſick, to bubble old Nick,
Concludes it was beſt to repent.

II.

But, before he begins to think of his Sins,
Although he was deſperate ill;
Quoth he, hur does find, to unburden hur Mind,
'Tis needful to make hur laſt Will.

III.

First settle Affairs, and then go to Prayers,
And if hur pursue what the Priest says is true,
Hur may have hur Pardon hur hope.

Alas! hur poor Head is as heavy as Lead,
And hur Stomach and Guts in a Fuss;
Then to make no Delay, for hur find hur can't stay,
Hur make hur Last Testament *thus*:

IV.

Hur Soul, if there be such a Thing, hur is free,
One of hur *Welch* Bishops should have it;
They are Godly and Wise, and well fit to advise
When a Soul is in Danger, to save it.

V.

Tho' in saving of Souls, they've so many Holes,
To creep out and creep in again still;
That hur here does declare, hur doth not much care,
If hur Soul be left out of hur Will.

VII.

Hur Body hus been the Cause of much Sin,
But that will, hus hopes, be forgot
So e'en let 'em take it, when hur Soul shall forsake it,
And carry it somewhere to rot.

VIII.

If Body and Soul could not live in one Hole,
As some of the Learned suggest,
Hur do verily think, did they lie there and stink,
'Twou'd be better than now and protest.

IX.

Now hur worldly Goods all, tho' hur Stock be but small,
In following Form hur do leave;
In hopes every one will accept what is done,
And what hur has left 'em, receive.

X.

First, Hur Lands and hur Rents and Hereditaments,
If hur should have any to come,
Hur demise to hur Heirs, with hur Wishes and Prayers,
That all honest Men have their own.

XII.

Hur gives hur *Welch* Cot, tho' a poor one God wot,
To them that are true to their Prince.
'Twas hur Nation of *Wales* that once turn'd the Scales,
For which they've been fam'd ever since.

XIII.

For the Lord of the Manour, if he'll do hur the honour
To accept it, hur give him a Thing:
'Tis the Skin of hur Goat made into a Coat,
'Twill keep him as warm as a King.

XIII.

And for his Male-Heirs, hur hereby declares,
That it is hur Will and hur Mind,
If rightly begot, it shall fall to their Lot,
Provided they'll have it *new lin'd*.

XIV.

The Horns on the Head of hur Goat lately dead,
Hur leaves to the Lords and the Knights,
That in Drinking and Play consume the whole Day,
And with other Mens Wives spend the Nights.

XV.

For thoſe Quality-Wives, that venture their Lives,
And ſo dearly pay for their Sport;
When their Sparks do come there — hur bequeath 'em hur [ſhare
Of all hur Dependance at Court.

XVI.

Now the Senators next — And hur vow hur's perplext
To think what is proper to leave 'em.
But hur has a new *Project* hangs up in hur Budget,
And that, if they pleaſe, hur bequeath 'em. —

XVII.

For as Money's the End for which they contend;
The PARTY's *dear Soul, Blood, and Vitals*;
If that ſhould fall ſhort, they'd perhaps quit the Court,
And never more think of *Requitals*.

XVIII.

'Tis Money makes Leagues, and forms new Intrigues,
Gives Wiſdom to Madmen and Fools;
It commands and controuls both Bodies and Souls,
And makes half the Univerſe Tools.

XIX. To

XIX.

To the Men of the Gown, both in Country and Town,
Hur hur *Practice of Piety* grant;
For by Uſing their own, as they lately have done,
They the *Practice of Piety* want.

XX.

For as Matters go now, no Mortal can know
What 'tis they believe or profeſs;
In the Morning they cant, in the Evening they rant,
And judge, like the *Turks*, from Succeſs.

XXI.

Tho', I ſay't to their Shame, their Religion's the ſame,
Be the Prieſt either *Juror* or *Non*—
The Caſe is too plain, their GOD is their GAIN,
From his *Holineſs* to the *Non-con.*

XXII.

Hur *Bible* and *Pſalter* to thoſe that come after,
Hur therefore do grant and demiſe;
In Hopes they'll take care what they preach, pray and ſwear,
And ſo become virtuous and wiſe.

XXIII.

Tythes alone to receive, and *ſure* cure live,
Moſt wiſh for—a good Preſentation—
Tobacco and Flask is the favourite Task,
'Tis Luxury makes Reformation.

XXIV.

For thoſe who in the Lurch have left the poor Church,
Hur a Volume, call'd *Doomſday*, preſent 'em,
In hopes, e'er too late, they'll think of their State,
And of their vile Conduct repent 'em.

XXV.

Tho' for Men of the Law hur cares not a Straw,
'Cauſe few of 'em juſtly do judge,
Yet hur gives them hur Crook, hur Tongs and Fleſh-Hook,
To ſhew that hur bears no old Grudge.

XXVI.

And likewiſe hur Cheſt, tho' none of the beſt,
Hur grant them to hold and to have,
Provided, that ſtill they don't mangle hur Will,
Nor make hur ſign Deeds in hur Grave.

XXVII. To

XXVII.

For the *Chancery* Man hur will do what hur can,
So hur leave him hur bottomleſs Chair;
With hur Three-legged Stools, for Seats for his Fools,
When they to his Office repair.

XXVIII.

Hur was once in their Claws — hur remember the Cauſe,
It laſted for Twenty long Years;
And when Sheep, Goat and Cow were all vaniſh'd, hur vow,
Hur came home again never the near.

XXIX.

To thoſe mild Men call'd Goalers, Wholeſale or Retailers,
That live on the Spoil of the Nation;
And Bailiffs, their Setters, that hector their Betters,
Hur demiſes *Lob's Path to Salvation.*

XXX.

If that will not do, hur Bed-cord, tho' new,
In hopes of a quicker Diſpatch,
With hur Nippers and Shears, to cut off their Ears,
Hur give and hur graht to *Jack Ketch.*

XXXI.

To the Juſtices too, to give all Men their Due,
Hur Laſt and hur Awl hur bequeath;
And in hopes in the End, there will ſome of 'em mend,
Hur likewiſe hur Looking-Glaſs leave.

XXXII.

Tho', under Pretence of ſerving their Prince,
Some ſeem to be truly affected;
They'll tremble at Things 'gainſt the Great KING of Kings,
When their laſt *Mittimus* is directed.

XXXIII.

As to Conſtables all, that attend at their Call,
That hur may not injure the Knaves;
Her Trap to catch Rats let 'em take, for perhaps
It may be of Uſe to the Slaves.

XXXIV.

But before hur goes on, there muſt ſomething be done
For the Saints of the *Spiritual Court*;
'Cauſe next to Damnation hur hates a *Citation*,
Hur has paid ſo confoundedly for't.

XXXV.

So hur' leaves 'em hereby, againſt they ſhall try,
A Cure for a Cuckold in Grain; —
Could they change but that Curſe, *For better for worſe*;
Oh! how would it bring in their Gain!

XXXVI.

Now to Ladies and Beaus, that tick for their Clothes,
To Bullies and Girls of the Town,
Hur leave hur foul Linen, it will ſerve 'em to ſin in,
When they ſhall have none of their own.

XXXVII.

It much ſhocks hur Nature to ſee that a Creature,
Who better had never been born,
Keeps eating and drinking, and whores, without thinking,
Till all the whole Subſtance be gone.

XXXVIII.

To go thorough ſtitch—To thoſe Whores who're grown rich,
Hur leave hur *Welch* Breeding and Pride;
And if that will not do, hur Impudence too,
Hur likewiſe bequeath 'em beſide.

XXXIX. To

XXXIX.

To the Men of *Exeter*, who ſtill are ſo wiſe
As to know that juſt Dealing is Nonſenſe;
Hur give and hur grant, what hur is ſure they do want,
Hur Modeſty, Honour and Conſcience.

XL.

And for the poor Sinner that ſneaks for a Dinner,
Your ſly Fornicators and Bites,
Hur ordain hur caſt Whore, if ſhe's never ſo poor,
She'll ſerve to Pig in with a' Nights.

XLI.

For thoſe that will truſt, hur think it unjuſt
Such very good Chriſtians to baulk;
So, to put in or out, as they hope, or they doubt,
Hur leave 'em hur Spunge and hur Chalk.

XLII.

When hur think of hur Taylor, —— *Geneva* Retailer,
Hur Victualler, — and Baker ſo true, —
Hur ſhould loſe all Pretence to Juſtice and Senſe,
If hur gave not the Devil his Due.

XLIII.

To the Bookſeller, pray obſerve what hur ſay,
Provided the Book will not ſell,
Hur grant and hur give, for aye to receive,
Don Quevedo's *Viſions of Hell.*

XLIV.

And now for the Players, to them and their Heirs,
Both of the *Old Houſe* and the *New*,
Hur Aſſe's fat Skin, which oft they'll be in,
Hur leave 'em hereby as their Due.

XLV.

To *Dick.* of *Hay-Market*,—'cauſe well he can clark it,
His Intereſt ever diſcerning,
That *Singing* may thrive, and *Beggars* ſtill live,
Hur give him hur Conduct and Learning.

XLVI.

Hur is told now-a-days, there is nothing in *Plays*,
But *Ribaldry*, *Party* and *Dreſs*,
All Meaning and Senſe, by Sound are drove thence,
But ſure they'll revive with a Peace.

XLVII.

Hold! —— before hur forget —— hur has done nothing yet
For the Surgeon, the Doctor, or Quack;
So hur Book of Receipts, that has done many Feats,
Hur give it among 'em to snack.

XLVIII.

Let *Martin* and *Wright* take hur Dog's Turd, and dry't,
To all Help alike it will bring;
With hur Goat's Dung let *Moor* advertise all to cure;
And *Anodyne* with hur Cramp-Ring.

XLIX.

'Twas made of a Bone, the like to't is none,
That Back of Red-herring came out,
'Twill make Children breed Teeth, with Safety and Speed,
And heal you of *Pox* or of *Gout*.

L.

The Milk of hur Goat, tho' Doctors won't know't,
Does every Med'cine surpass;
To those hur demise, that will open their Eyes,
And never be fond of an Ass.

Hur has eat it and drank it, and liv'd, Heav'n be thank'd

From dangerous Ills ever free;

If hur had it but here, hur should not much fear

Once more in *Caermarthen* to be.

To Informers and Spies, that make or mind Lyes,

Hur gives them the all hur has spent;

And hus old Hose and Shoes, if they will spend the News,

The Heads of a Party invent.

LIII.

Heaven grant quick Salvation! for ne'er was poor Nation

So pester'd with Lying and Scandal;

By their wretched Pretensions they've rais'd Apprehensions,

And dangerously poisoned the Land all.

LIV.

Then long live our *King* —— may Time safely bring,

And waft him with Speed to our Shore;

Of Glory and Peace may he still meet Increase,

And our Credit and Trading restore.

FINIS.